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LOITERINGS AROUND LISBON.

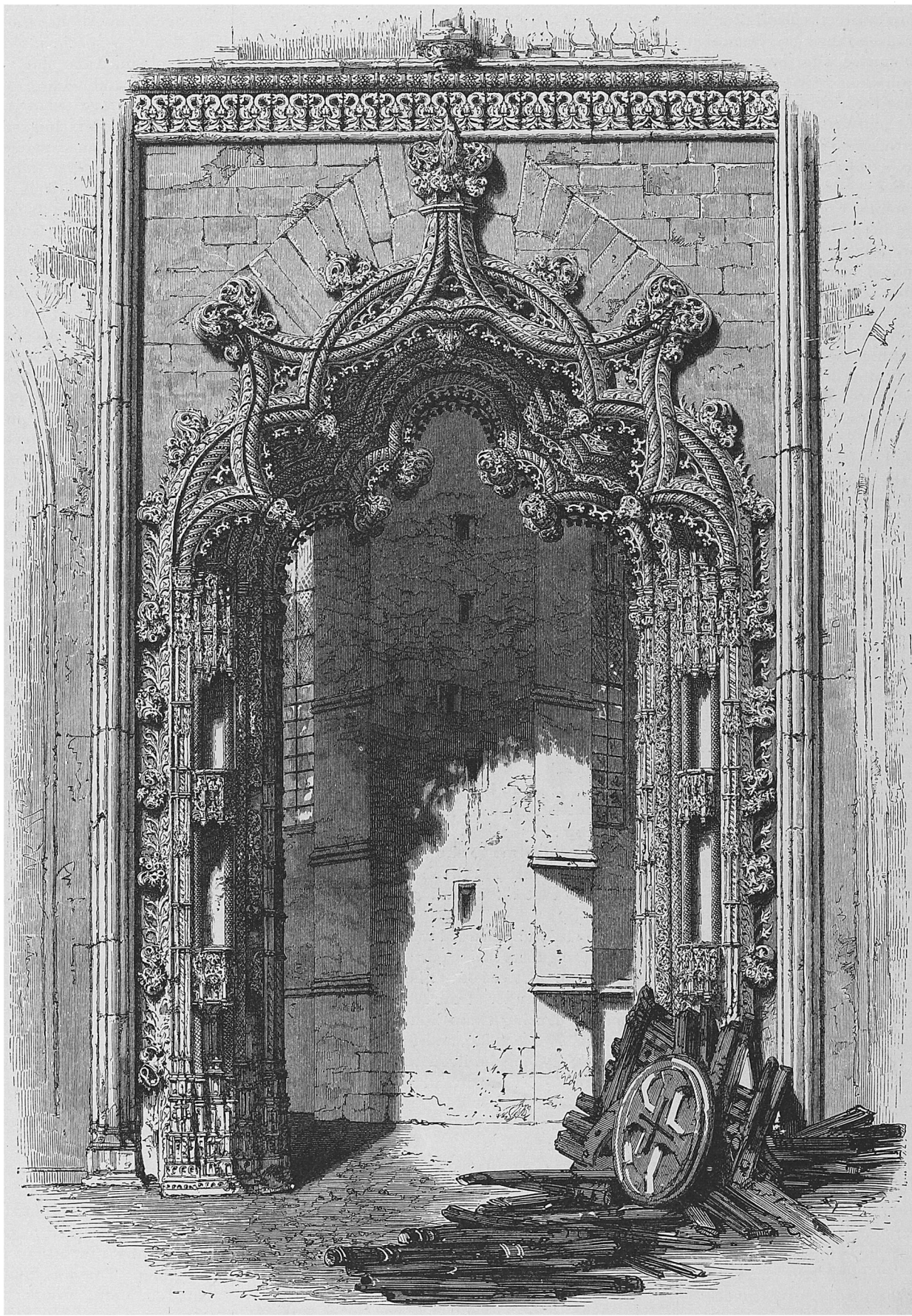
To loiter around Lisbon will be found more agreeable by the tourist than to fix his quarters for any great length of time in Lisbon itself. The first view of it in the distance, from the beautiful river which bears one thither, and along whose picturesque shore it extends, is as rememberable as the first view of Constantinople, with which, by the way, Lisbon has often been compared. It has the same magnificence of prospect—the Tagus here being nine miles broad—and it conceals the same meanness of architecture and want of cleanliness. It is not until one has made his way through its narrow and ill-paved streets, however, that the latter fact is brought home to him, for to the superficial eye the city really looks clean and splendid. It would be difficult to select a finer site, the world over, than the one which Lisbon occupies, one-half of the city being built along the river-side, and the other upon a range of hills that overlooks it. The latter, or eastern part, is old, and dates back to the days of the Moors, who erected a castle on one of these eminences, now called Castle Hill, and which was destroyed by the great earthquake of 1755. The streets here are steep, narrow, crooked, and ill-paved, and the buildings, of every character, are very high, gloomy, and wretched looking. One carries away with him a general feeling of discomfort. The new town, which extends along the shore of the Tagus for a distance of five miles, is crowded with palaces and churches. It has several fine squares, of which the principal are the Praça do Commercio, and the Praça do Rocio. The last named, which forms the market-place, is eighteen hundred feet long, and fourteen hundred feet broad. The number of public buildings in Lisbon may be inferred, when we say that there are ninety-nine chapels, forty-one parish churches, and upwards of ninety monasteries, hospices, and hospitals. The architectural effect of these

edifices is as striking to the common tourist, as it is surprising and distasteful to the connoisseur. The author of *Valtheh* described the curious medley of styles and no styles in Portuguese architecture, as being "in woeful taste—the taste of Borromini, with wrinkled pediments, furbelowed cornices, and turrets something in the style of old-fashioned French clock cases, such as Boucher designed, with many a scrawl and flourish, to adorn the apartments of Madame de Pompadour." Beckford was a tolerable judge of architecture, when it was the work of others, but when he became interested in it himself his ignorance corresponded with the length of his purse. One has but to look at the drawings of Fonthill Abbey to see this, remembering, as he does so, that this "convent

in ruins" tumbled down before it was well finished, and, being rebuilt, tumbled down again, and nearly murdered its new owner. The lath and plaster magnificence of Lisbon has hitherto escaped the fate of Fonthill; and, common and grotesque as much of it is, the general effect is pleasing, especially by moonlight. "The numerous flights of steps, the terraces, chapels, and porticos of former convents, and other buildings on the brink of the river, shine forth like edifices of white marble; while the rough cliff, covered with miserable sheds, rising above them, and the ruins caused by the great earthquake more than a

the Cape of Good Hope. The expedition was undertaken at the cost of Don Manuel the Fortunate, who fitted out four vessels, manned by one hundred and thirty men, and placed them under the command of the brave Vasco, to whom he gave letters of introduction and protection to all the great potentates whose dominions he would be likely to visit, including that singular myth of the old chroniclers—Prester John. The little fleet set sail on the 8th of July, 1497. The night before their departure was spent by Vasco and his companions in a small chapel attached to a hermitage for the convenience of mariners. The voyage

was made. India was reached, and, undergoing a variety of adventures, Vasco returned to Portugal after an absence of a little over two years. The king was so delighted at what had been accomplished that he ordered a church and monastery to be built at Belem, and the first stone was accordingly laid in the year 1500. Vasco made another voyage to India, and returning three years later was coldly received. For some reason or other he was out of favor, and continued so for over twenty years, a striking instance of the ingratitude, or forgetfulness, of kings. He died, Don Manuel died, but the memorial of both remains to this day—a wonder to architectural tourists. "It is a flamboyant of the latest date," says a recent traveler in Portugal, "and the architect was an Italian. There is a vast amount of the most exquisite carving in fret-work, and numerous niches and statues. This is due, no doubt, partly to the fact that an excellent variety of very easily-worked white limestone, almost resembling chalk, but hardening on exposure, and weathering well in the delightful climate of Portugal, was at hand, and lent itself to over-decoration. The taste, both of the people and the period, was, however, very florid, and nothing would have been appreciated that did not give way to this sentiment. So the church was built with every conceivable ornament, stuck on or



ARCHWAY IN THE CAPELLA IMPERFEITA.

century ago—still left unchanged—are lost in dark shadows. The great Black Horse Square (Praça do Commercio) is then filled with idlers of both sexes, and is illuminated brightly, while splendid carriages roll through the streets and give life to the scene."

To visit Lisbon, and to overlook Belem, is like visiting a gallery, and leaving its best picture unseen. A drive of two miles takes you to it. It is the most fashionable suburb of the city, and, like the city, is built along the right bank of the Tagus. A historical interest attaches to Belem, which was the last spot touched upon in Portugal by the celebrated navigator, Vasco de Gama, before setting out on his great voyage to India—the first voyage in which those who made it knew for a certainty that they had doubled

worked out in every possible place; and, if the roof fell in the first time, and the architect, fearing that a similar accident might happen, absented himself on the second occasion, and if, also, his numerous accessories are grotesque in themselves, and spoiled by an odd attempt at what is called classical work in the choir, still there remains a building of no ordinary attractiveness, illustrating an odd, dying-out form of Gothic, which never took root in the peninsula, and which, it would hardly be unfair to say, never really grew out of native feeling for what is sometimes called Christian art in any part of Portugal, and many parts of Spain. It is curious to observe that certain parts of this building, where the extreme floridness could not do more than peep out, are really not only

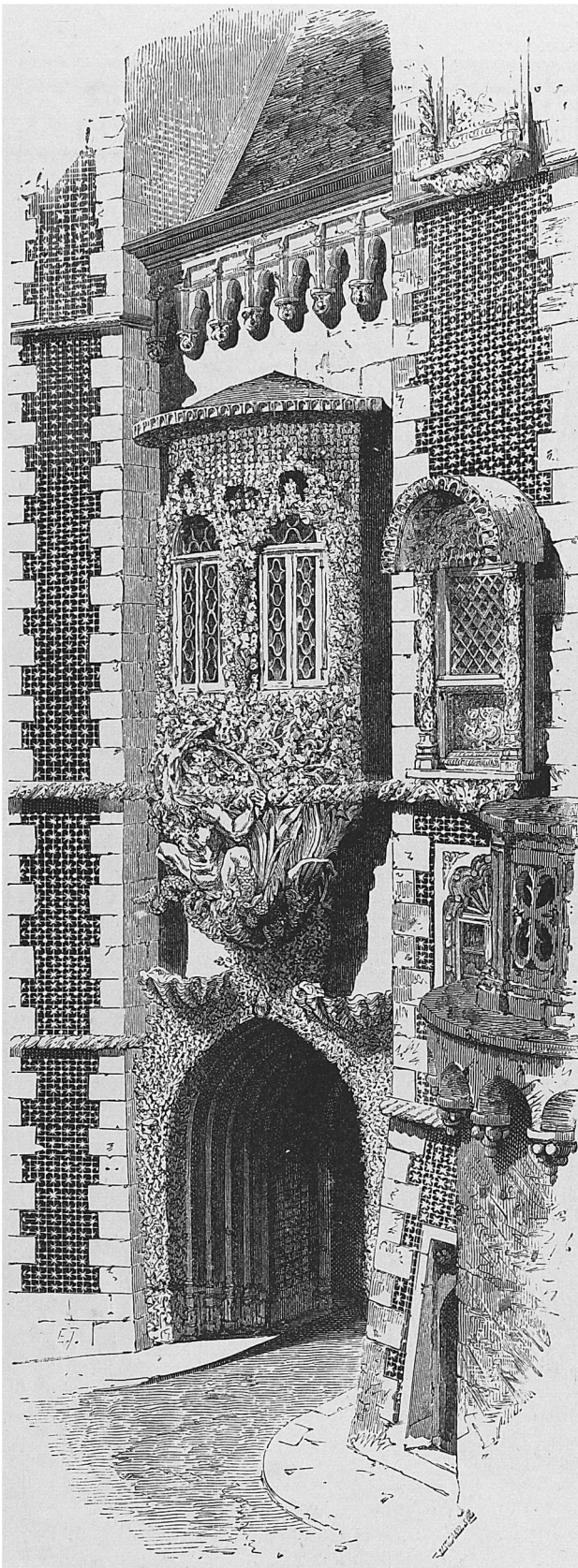
pleasing and interesting, but beautiful. The cloisters may be especially mentioned; they contain so much charming intertwining of leaves and fruit with quaint figures, and show so pleasantly the capabilities both of the sculptor and his material, that it is impossible not to be pleased."

The writer just quoted speculates in regard to the occult causes which produced the peculiar character of Portuguese architecture, and thinks he traces them in the nature of the people and the climate. Lisbon, he remarks, is a place where the *dolce far niente* is appreciated to the utmost, and where the people are sensuous, enjoying mere animal existence to the utmost, and not disposed to waste themselves in seeking out the æsthetic cause of their enjoyment. He also compares the Portuguese with the negro, and sums up his conclusions (not very logically), as follows: "Thus it is that the rich floral profusion seen in the prevalent and favorite phase of Gothic art adopted in Portugal, has run into wild and excessive luxuriance, entirely altering the character of the style. But when the traveler, arrived at Belem, or any similar example, quietly seats himself, either in the broad sunlight or the grateful shade, and simply accepts the rich and not ungraceful freaks indulged in by the sculptor who had evidently forgotten style in mere enjoyment of the beautiful—some little difficulty is felt in expressing dissatisfaction, though certainly the whole effect of such flaunting rags of rich embroidery expresses and indicates little more than abject poverty, and the absence of any real resources on which a principle or a theory could be based."

After a visit to Belem, and while its architectural effects are fresh in the mind, the traveler would do well to make a journey to Batalha. We say a journey, for Batalha is more than a hundred miles from Lisbon, and is still not so easy of access as some other places not more remote. It lies on the old road to Leira, Coimbra, and Oporto, not very far from the Atlantic coast and is within a day's ride of the Oporto railroad. It is close by the small city of Leira, in the valley of the Lis, with a castle crowning a very steep hill, near which is a magnificent forest of pines, originally planted to check the moving sands that threatened to destroy the towns further inland. It is not for its situation, however, striking as it is, that Batalha is remarkable—but for its architectural remains which will compare favorably with, if, indeed, they do not surpass, any in Portugal. They consist of a cathedral church and convent, the date of which is rather confused, one account placing it at the beginning of the fifteenth century, another, which describes the edifice as an abbey of the Dominican order, setting it back to the reign of Don John the First, by whom it was erected, in 1385, in commemoration of a victory achieved by him over the King of Castile.

Not to muddle our minds further with names and dates of no consequence to us, whatever they may be to antiquarians, we proceed to describe the abbey or cathedral of Batalha in the words of the traveler already quoted: "The whole building consists of the original church, two sets of cloisters—one attached to a chapter house, the other to the monastery—and two chapels, both remarkable, and connected with the church. The general effect of the church is grand and imposing, but the details are very faulty. The nave is greatly extended, and the choir exceedingly short, the whole of the fittings of the interior being in the most detestable taste. Of the two chapels, one, called the Capella do Fundador, of extreme beauty of construction, is at the end of the south aisle, and another, equally remarkable, called the Capella Imperfeita, at the east end of the choir. The founder's chapel is square, with a central octagonal lantern forty feet in diameter rising from the roof. Under the central boss, shaped like a crown, is a high tomb, on which are figures of Don Joao and his wife D. Philippa of England. They are very finely sculptured, and of heroic proportions. The extraordinary beauty of the design and workmanship, and the extreme richness of the work on this chapel, are truly wonderful, and require to be seen to be duly appreciated. They rank among the finest things of the kind ever executed, but the decorations are perhaps somewhat too elaborate to be altogether in good taste. The other chapel is incomplete, and is hence called generally the Capella Imperfeita. An idea of the nature of its architectural style and elaborate

richness will be obtained by referring to the annexed cut, which represents one of the arches, surpassing in florid beauty any part of the building. This chapel is also octagonal, each side comprising three apses, and it was originally intended that each sub-division should be appropriated to some member of the Portuguese royal family. It was, however, never finished, and, with all its extraordinary beauty, fully deserves the name by which it is known. It is thought that King Manuel, to whom Portugal is indebted for this among many of her best works in architecture, intended to imitate and rival by a yet more costly and admirable work, the chapel of Henry VII., in West-



DOORWAY AND ORIEL IN THE PENHA VERDE.

minster Abbey. The architect, however, died before the work was completed, and left behind him no working drawings. His successor utterly misunderstood the design, and was only prevented from spoiling it by a timely visit of the king. It is not easy to say what the general effect of this marvelous structure might have been had the original design been carried out, as there is already an exuberance of ornament and an apparent tendency to more florid decoration than would be admitted in the style adopted in northern Europe. Perhaps it may be a fair exemplification of the effect of climate, the Gothic richness running wild and developing into a luxuriance of form almost inconsistent with itself when it is left in the hands of a people whose imagination runs riot whenever it is allowed unrestricted play. It needs only to look at the engraving to recognize this truth."

We have no disposition to underrate the effect

upon works of art of such subtle causes as climate and race, but it seems to us that they are frequently made too much of. We think they are in the present instance. For ourselves, if we were called upon to express an opinion as to the influences which were at work insensibly in the national mind of Portugal in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and which went to the making of the architecture of the period, we should not burrow so deeply as our author, but look on the surface of things for a solution of the problem. When we remember that Portugal was formerly a dominion of the Moors—Lisbon remaining in their hands from 712 until 1147, when it was recovered by Alfonso the First—and recall, as who does not?—specimens of their architecture, we have obtained the clue. It was Moorish—it was Saracenic architecture which made the architecture of Portugal what it was. One need not be learned in orders and styles to see this: it is apparent to the most careless observer. The archway in the Capella Imperfeita may be Gothic in form, but its spirit is certainly Saracenic. Its lightness, its grace, its fantasy, are as far removed from Gothic Art, as Gothic Art from the supreme Art of Greece.

While we are at Batalha (for what with our own and those of our author, we suppose the reader has had enough of art speculations), we may as well run across to Alcobaça. It lies on the Atlantic coast, a few miles west of Batalha, and contains several remarkable edifices. We should begin with its church, which is in striking contrast with anything that we have hitherto seen in the shape of ecclesiastical architecture. The simplicity and severity of its style make it, apparently, much larger than it really is, its actual length being less than four hundred feet, and its height sixty-four feet. A round apse in the choir, divided into chapels, is very richly lighted with colored glass. There is a chapel in the south transept which contains the tombs of some of the old royal family, among others, those of Don Pedro and his famous wife, Inez de Castro. Regarded as works of art, these tombs are incomparably fine. This noble old church suffered from the barbarity of the French during the invasion of Portugal, but the massiveness of its masonry saved it from entire destruction. A Cistercian monastery was formerly attached to it, but it is gone. A Moorish castle, however, still remains. Also a little church, to which pilgrimages were once made, and whose tower now serves for a sea mark, the coast being a dangerous one to mariners.

Returning northward, by way of Torres Vedras, we turn aside to visit Mafra. It is about eighteen miles from Lisbon, and is remarkable for its palace and convent—an enormous edifice—which has caused Mafra to be called the Escorial of Portugal. It is considerably larger than the Escorial itself, and, while its general effect is not so grand and imposing, it is every way more beautiful. Ferguson, who is rather prejudiced against Portuguese architecture, calls it "the only really grand structure of renaissance style in the country." It was built, he says, in consequence of a vow, made during a fit of dangerous illness, by John V., from the designs of an architect named Ludovico, and said to be a German. He commenced it in 1717, and it was practically finished in 1732. Another writer says that it was founded on the occasion of the birth of a son to this king, who had vowed that he would, if so blessed, found a convent for the use of the poorest friary in the kingdom. This was found upon inquiry, to be located at Mafra, where twelve Franciscans lived together in a hut. His Most Christian Majesty set to work building on its site, or rather, his subjects did, and for the next thirteen or fourteen years fifteen hundred men were continually employed. Towards the end, in order to hurry the work to completion, there were upwards of three times that number upon it. That it was no child's play, either to them or to him, is evident from the fact that more than one hundred thousand dollars was spent during its construction for a hospital for sick workmen, and that the cost of the building was upwards of twenty millions of dollars. When it was finished and opened, a dinner was given by the king to all comers, of whom, it is said, there were nine thousand. The Portuguese Escorial combines a royal residence, a church and a monastery, the whole forming an enclosure of vast extent. The dimensions of this enclosure, which is in the form of a parallelogram, are

seven hundred and eighty feet in length, and six hundred and ninety feet in width. The edifice, or rather edifices, contain eight hundred and sixty-six rooms, five thousand two hundred windows, and nearly as many doors, and the roof is so large that ten thousand men could be reviewed upon it. Profusion runs riot in its decorations. The pavement is of red and white marble, and the bookcases are of the most costly woods. The library contains thirty thousand volumes.

Beckford is enthusiastic in his description of the church at Mafra: "Never did I behold an assemblage of such beautiful marbles as gleamed above, below, and around us. The collateral chapels, which are six in number, are each enriched with finely-finished bas-reliefs, and stately portals of black and yellow marble, richly veined, and so highly polished as to reflect objects like a mirror. The pavement, the vaulted ceiling, the dome, and even the topmost lantern, are all encrusted with the same costly and durable material. Roses of white marble, and wreaths of palm branches, most exquisitely sculptured, enrich every part of the edifice. I never saw Corinthian capitals better modeled or executed with more precision and sharpness than those of the columns which support the nave. Having satisfied our curiosity by examining the ornaments of the altar, we passed through a long covered gallery to the sacristy, a magnificent vaulted hall, paneled with some beautiful varieties of alabaster and porphyry, and carpeted, as well as a chapel adjoining it, in a style of the utmost magnificence. We traversed several more halls and chapels adorned with equal splendor, till we were fatigued and bewildered like knights-errant in the midst of an enchanted palace." The bells and clocks and mechanical arrangements in this great edifice are exceedingly curious, and are said to have cost almost incredible sums of money; it is estimated that there is as much as two hundred tons weight of metal in each tower. Byron made a visit to Mafra in 1809, and had a long conversation in Latin with the monks whom he met there. "They have a large library," he wrote to his mother, "and asked me if the English had *any books* in their country."

He also visited Cintra, and praised it highly, at the expense of Lisbon. "To make amends for the filthiness of Lisbon," he wrote, "and its still filthier inhabitants, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps, in every respect, the most delightful in Europe. It contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial; palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights; a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides (though that is a secondary consideration), is remarkable as the scene of Sir Hew Dalrymple's convention. It unites in itself all the wildness of the western Highlands, with the verdure of the south of France."

Cintra is a favorite retreat for those who can afford to leave Lisbon during the heat of summer. It is delightfully situated, being about six miles from the sea, which does not appear more than two miles dis-

tant when seen through the clear fresh morning air. Gardens full of orange and lemon trees, growing to an enormous size, surround the houses and the villas, and flowers are so plentiful that they grow on the walls. Each house has its own water supply, and the sound of the water, falling here and there in little cascades, mixes with the hum of wild bees and the song of the ringdove. It is the Land of Drowsyhead,

"Whose murmurs invite one to sleep."

The scenery around Cintra was caught up and presented by Byron in a magical stanza, which is the

this mountain there is a country house which bears the same name. It was built by Dom John de Castro, a famous Portuguese, long time Governor General in India, who, for the conquest of Dice, was rewarded by a rock called the Monte das Alviçaras, upon which stands this house, and a chapel, both of his erection. The latter is very beautiful, as may be gathered from the glimpse of it in the illustration on the preceding page.

The Convent of Penha stands on the summit of one of the loftiest peaks. It was seen, if not visited, by Byron, who devotes a stanza to it in the first canto of *Childe Harold*, and who, by the way, mistook its name, converting 'Our Lady of the Rock' (*Nossa senhora de Penha*), into "Our Lady of the Punishment," a mistake which he corrected in later editions of the poem. He describes the monks as showing their relics, and telling legends to travelers, and has a fling at St. Honorius, who dug in the Cork Convent, at some distance below, what the poet irreverently calls a "den," where he dwelt long.

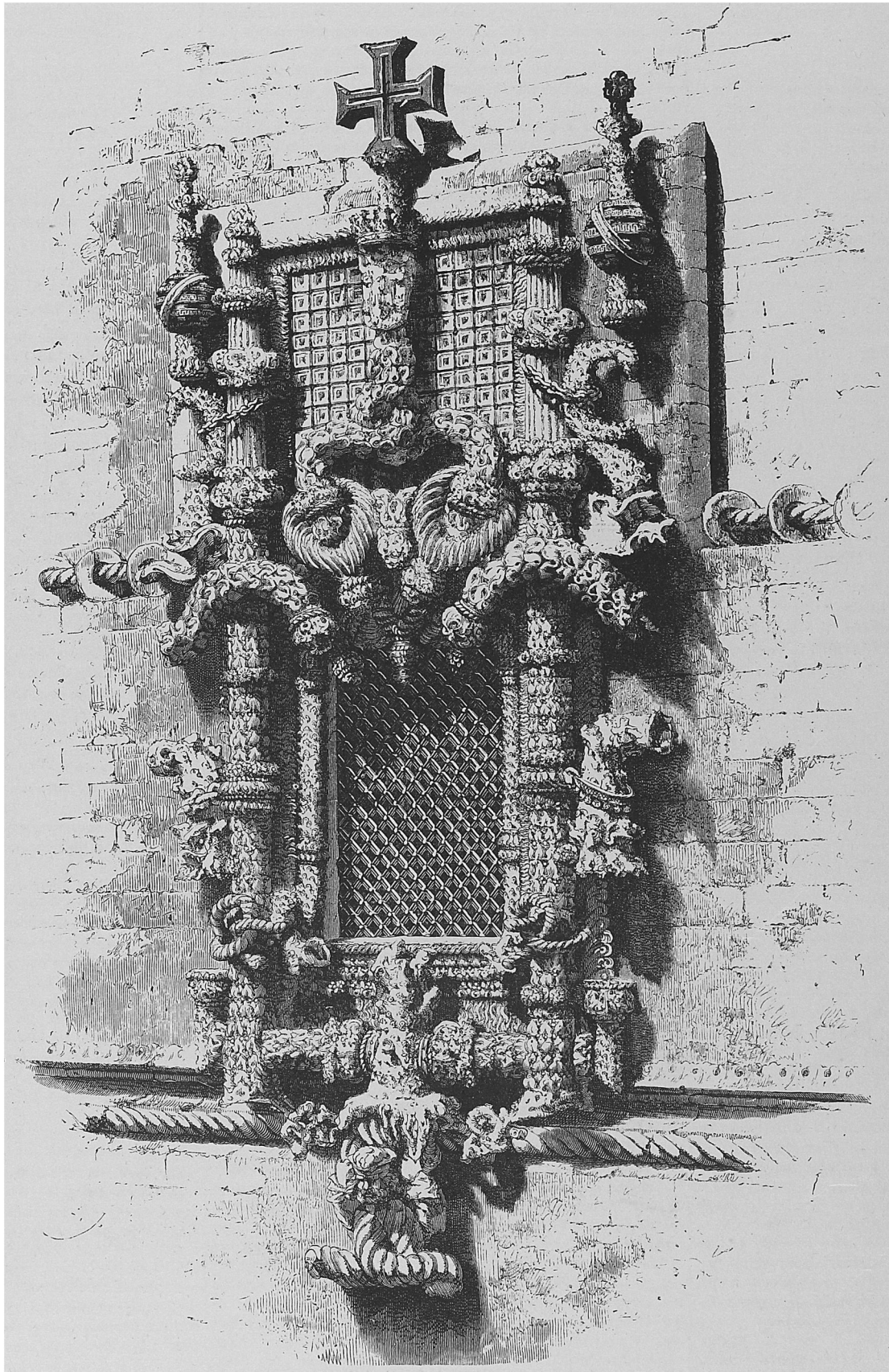
"In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell."

"This building," remarks the traveler previously quoted, "on the suppression of the convents in Portugal, was first bought by a private gentleman, but soon after purchased by the present king regent, and has been restored with much taste. It now resembles a feudal castle, but the monastic character is preserved in the interior. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine, including Mafra, rising in a huge pile from the plain, the lines of Torres Vedras, and the mouth of the Tagus. To the west is the boundless Atlantic. The top of the mountain immediately below this castle is laid out in shrubberies and gardens, good walks being cut in every direction through the rock."

"Cintra is said to be a corruption of Cynthia, and the remains of a small temple, dedicated to the queen of heaven, have been discovered on the summit of the highest mountain in the neighborhood. When seen by moonlight its effect is almost magical, owing to the contrast of the waving foliage (almost black by this light) with the white country houses. The shaded lanes also are full of glow-worms, and fire-flies dart from one point to another like meteors. By

day the views are charming; one may ride through rocky defiles overhung with cork trees, than which nothing in the way of tree vegetation is much finer. Sometimes the mountain sides are covered with purple heath and yellow vines mixed with ferns and creeping ivy. Ferns grow also on the trunks and branches of the cork trees, forming a singular effect of mingled foliage. Here and there are open patches of land, serving as pasture for cattle, and occasionally wild open commons, where a great variety of heaths bloom in the midst of an underwood country of myrtle and arbutus trees.

From Cintra to Lisbon the distance is about sixteen miles. There is a railroad, but the most pleasant mode of conveyance is a horse or mule. After passing St. Pedro, the road lies through the pretty village of Bemfica, buried in orange groves, gardens



CASA DO CAPITULO.

perfection of landscape painting in verse. Horrid crags crowned by toppling convents, hoary cork trees clothing the shaggy steep, mountain mosses embrowned by the scorching sky, the tender blue of the sea in the distance, and the yellow tints on the green boughs near us, torrents leaping from cliff to cliff, vines, willows—we behold all that he beheld, and share the emotion which it awakened in his soul.

The Moors seem to have appreciated Cintra while it was in their possession, for one of their castles overhangs the town. It was a luxurious residence in the olden time, if we may judge from its bath, which is about fifty feet long and seventeen feet broad, with water four feet deep supplied by springs. What Cintra is most noted for is the *Penha Verde*, or Green Rock, a lofty conical mountain covered to the topmost peak with vegetation. At the foot of

and orchards, and near it is the once celebrated Dominican convent, now converted into a manufactory. The church, however, is preserved. Before reaching Benefica, and about six miles from Lisbon, is the royal palace of Queluz, the name signifying 'what a light!' and surrounded by very fine gardens."

MANIFEST DESTINY.

NOTHING is as it was of old.

Where cities stood the cattle browse;
Weeds strike their roots through royal mould;
The lizards bask in Cæsar's house.
What Cheops built the Pyramid?
Whose dust, if any, there is hid?

If these, the master-races, fell,
Much more the tribes whom they o'erthrew.
From whence they came, no man can tell,
Nor whither vanished like the dew.
The same destruction now, as then,
Makes obsolete these outworn men.

The red man, whom our hardy sires
Found in possession of the land;
Who built in woods his wigwam fires,
And smoked his pipe; or, bow in hand,
Crept on the wild deer, or the bear—
Or tracked the panther to his lair;

Who, grim, and hard of heart at best,
Daubed in his war-paint, stole away,
With twenty devils in his breast,
To where his hated foe-man lay;
Whom, if asleep he could not find,
And his strong arms in pinions bind,

To burn him at the dreadful stake, —
He would devote to sudden death; —
As suddenly his scalp would take,
And mock the rattle in his breath;
Then, if pappoose and squaw he saw,
Would massacre pappoose and squaw!

These bronze barbarians of the Past,
Cast in the moulds of hell, are gone;
Their world was wanted; far and fast
We drove them towards the setting sun.
Ay, — and if future need should be,
We'll drown them in the western sea!

With iron nets we hold their trail;
They find us wheresoe'er they go;
Though fierce, they cannot make us quail,
Nor match the rifle with the bow.
We'll give them graves, and let them try
The happy hunting grounds on high!

— R. H. Stoddard.

LITERATURE.

THERE is a passage somewhere in Sterne, probably in "Tristram Shandy," wherein he describes the way in which writers of a certain sort do their literary work, and he puts a query in something like the following words: Shall we forever make books, as apothecaries make medicines, by pouring out of one bottle into another? The query is pertinent to many authors, especially to Sterne himself who stole the substance of the very query from—if our memory serves—Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." We are reminded of this anecdote by a volume of upwards of five hundred pages, which has lately been published by Messrs. Dewitt C. Lent & Co., and which is illustrated with between fifty and sixty drawings by Fredericks, White, Waud, Eytinge, Dixon, Nast, Stevens, and Mathews. It is a handsome book, and a readable, but it is compounded after the recipes of Sterne and Burton. To say that it should not have been so compounded would be to reflect discredit on many books of far greater pretension, such books, for example, as "The Curiosities of Literature" of the elder Disraeli, who to the last day of his life was emptying the bottles of other people, often without any intimation that such was the case, and sometimes with the pretense that the borrowed mixture was really an original discovery of his own! Our Saladist is guilty of no such literary sin as this. He does not pretend to have "discovered" his facts; indeed, he makes no pretense of any kind. His object was simply to collect what, for want of a better word, may be called gossip, and to arrange it under different heads in the shape of little essays. He has succeeded in doing this, and the result is a volume which can be read with interest, even by those who are familiar with this kind of literature. It goes over a good deal of ground, and contains as much new matter as we could reasonably expect. We find a few mistakes, as where Leigh Hunt is twice credited with the poem which Wordsworth wrote in praise of his own wife, and which contains the often quoted passage:

"A creature not too bright, or good."

Another mistake consists in attributing to Southey the reply which Lamb made to Coleridge when he asked him if he had ever heard him preach, "I never heard you do anything else." We question the truth of the statement that Bloomfield wrote his "Farmer's Boy" with chalk on the top of a pair of bellows. There can be no doubt, however, we think, that when Campbell wrote the couplet:

"When front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet and form the lengthening line,"

the couplet of Pope:

"When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line."

was in his mind; but the simple circumstance of his memory playing him a trick hardly justifies the charge of literary larceny. That he borrowed a line in "O'Connor's Child,"

"The hunter and the deer a shade,"

from the American poet Freneau, is passed over without notice. Parnell's "Hermit" is not correctly traced. Pope stated that Parnell found it in Howell, and that it was written originally in Spanish, whence Howell had probably translated it in prose, and inserted it in one of his letters; but Pope was in error. It existed before Howell wrote, or before Martin Luther, from whom Parnell is thought to have taken it by our author. It is certainly in the "Gesta Romanorum," which dates as far back as the fourteenth century. We doubt the propriety of placing Landor's "Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare" among Literary Impositions, since it was not intended to, and did not, deceive. With regard to the forgeries of Chatterton, it is not correct to say that they were induced by the cold neglect with which he found his own original effusions received, for some of them are among the earliest things that he wrote; besides, his original effusions, as our author calls them, received all the attention they merited, which was very little.

Not to find any more fault, however, let us select a few leaves from these Salads. Here is an epitaph, which is said to have been copied from a churchyard in England:

"Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Seidlitz waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these here vaults."

There is something grim, not to say morose, in this epitaph on a stone in Guildford churchyard:

"Reader pass on, ne'er waste your time
On bad biography and silly rhyme,
For what I am, this cumbrous clay ensures,
And what I was, is no affair of yours."

The epitaph of old Thomas Churchyard, a voluminous versifier in the days of Elizabeth, contains a warning which all young poets would do well to bear in mind:

"Come, Alecto, and lend me thy torch,
To find a churchyard in a church porch;
Poverty and poetry this tomb doth enclose—
Therefore, gentlemen, be merry in prose."

It would be difficult to crowd more praise in two lines than is in the following epitaph, found in a churchyard in Devonshire:

"She was—but words are wanting to say what;
Think what a woman should be—she was that."

We miss a famous epitaph, which certainly ought to have been given. It was written by an ignorant gentleman (or rather was "conveyed" by him from Shakspeare), and was intended to commemorate the virtues of a beloved wife, who was cut off in the flower of her youth—"Frailty, thy name is woman!" The best offset to that is the Bull attributed to an Irish peer—"The only way that a gentleman should look at the faults of a pretty woman is—with his eyes shut!" If we could only look at some writers in the same way what a pleasant task it would be to review them! We do not allude to our Saladist, of course, for, as we have intimated, his book is readable and entertaining.

"Books which are books" was a happy characterization which Lamb once applied to the books which he loved. What his small library consisted of he has not told us, but we know from his essays that its scanty shelves contained some of the old poets, as Drayton, Daniel, Sir Philip Sydney, and, possibly, Lord Brook; and, among later writers, Burton, and the fantastic folios of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. Whether he would have included among his favorites such a volume as "Macaronic Poetry," of which Mr. James Appleton Morgan is the author, and Messrs. Hurd & Houghton the publishers, is not certain, his taste was so whimsical; although it is clear to our minds that he should have done so, for assuredly its place is among "books which are books," because it could not have been written without a free use of books, and good books, too. It is a collection of macaronic poems, which, the reader hardly need be told, are poems in two or more languages, the basis of English macaronics being, of course, English, with a sprinkling of Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, or what not besides in the shape of living and dead tongues. Scholars have long been addicted to writing macaronics, the result being a complete species of Literature, which only scholars can fully appreciate. Mr. Morgan gives us a brief bibliography of the most noted works of which it is composed, with selections from some of the best of them. A few examples, taken at random from his pages, will give a better idea of what these learned trifles are than anything we can say concerning them. Here are two little friends of our early days, children of good old Mother Goose, — who are easily recognized in spite of their foreign dress:

"Parvus Jacobus Horner
Sedebat in corner,
Edens a Christmas pie;
Inferuit thumb
Extraherit plum,
Clamans, Quid sharp puer am I.

"Parvula Bo-peep
Amisit her sheep,
Et nescit where to find them;
Desere alone
Et venient home
Cum omnibus caudis behind them."

A second version of the last in French is equally amusing:

"Petit Bo-peep
A perdu ses moutons
Et ne fait pas que les a pris,
O laissez les tranquilles
Ils vendront en ville
Et chacun sa que après lui."

Better still is one of "les moutons:"

"Ba, ba, mouton noir,
Avez vous de laine?
Oui Monsieur, non Monsieur,
Trois sacs pleine.

Un pour mon maitre, un pour ma dame,
Pas un pour le jeune enfant qui pleure dans le chemin."

Political readers, and singers, of an earlier generation will remember the original of this memento of the Henry Clay campaign of 1844:

CE MEME VIEUX COON.

Ce meme vieux coon n'est pas quite mort,
Il n'est pas seulement napping:
Je pense, myself, unless j'ai tort
Cette chose est yet to happen.

Et dix huit forty-four, je sais,
Vous'll hear des curious noises,
He'll whet ces dents against some Clay,
Et scare des Loco-Bois-es!

You know que quand il est awake,
Et quand il scratch ces clawses,
Les Locos dans leurs souliers shake,
Et, sheepish, hang leurs jaws-es.

Ce meme vieux coon, je ne sais pas why,
Les mischief's come across him,
Il fait believe he's going to die,
Quand seulement playing possum.

Mais wait till we le want encore,
Nous'll stir him up with une pole:
He'll bite as mauvais as before
Nous pulled him de son hole!

There are as many ways of writing the history of literatures as there are of writing the history of peoples, but the best way is that which enables the historian to enter into the life of his subject, and trace the influences that made it what it is, and to present these influences and this life in their entirety. The discovery of this fortunate way implies the possession of certain admirable faculties with which literary historians are not generally gifted, and which may be summed up in the single word—philosophy. The historian must be a philosopher before he can be a historian, or his history will be little beyond a catalogue of names and dates. He should have all his facts before him when he writes, but they should not be the end, but the beginning, of his work, of which they are, in reality, only so many clues that he is bound to follow, no matter whither they conduct him. He must understand his facts, and without the aid of any theory of his own, and must master them, or they will master him. The literature of a people contains such elements of thought, and such modes of expression—how did they come there, and what do they mean? This is the problem which faces the literary historian; and he must grasp it, or give place to some one who can.

Many have sought to write the History of English Literature, for example, but it still remains to be written. Pope entertained the idea of writing it at one time, and a very entertaining idea it was, judging from the specimens of his conversation which Spence has handed down to us. Gray thought of it as seriously as his desultory nature would permit, and might have accomplished something, had he set seriously to work; but he did nothing. Warton did all that he could, which was a great deal, considering the time when he wrote, and the cast of his mind, which was scholarly rather than critical; but his work was left unfinished, and remains as a monument of his industry. Of Craik's History, and that of the Chambers Brothers, it is not necessary to speak here, since they are merely hand-books on a large scale. There is no History of English Literature, in short, unless we accept that of M. Taine, of which Messrs. Holt & Williams have lately published a translation by H. Van Laun.

It is a great work—the greatest that M. Taine has written. Whether the English will accept it as such admits of a doubt, or rather does not admit of a doubt, for it is certain, we think, that they will not accept it. They will say that M. Taine is a Frenchman, which is true, and that no Frenchman can understand English literature, which is not so true, if it be true at all. Voltaire did not comprehend Shakspeare, but considered him a barbarian (and he wasn't, you know); therefore M. Taine cannot comprehend Shakspeare. This is not logical, perhaps, but then the English mind is not logical, when Shakspeare is in question. Nor the American mind, either, for that matter. For the American mind is like the English mind, in matters literary, only there is less of it, and it is less cultured. No American and no Englishman could have taken the view of Shakspeare that M. Taine does, although it is quite likely that M. Taine's view of Shakspeare will set many Englishmen and Americans thinking. They will not think less of Shakspeare, perhaps, but they will think of him differently. M. Taine understands the greatness of Shakspeare, as Goethe did in Germany, and as Coleridge thought he did in England; but it does not impress him as it did them. He does not admit the greatness of Shakspeare's art; on the contrary, he denies that Shakspeare was an artist, as the word is now understood. He finds in him an infinite truth to Nature, but the Nature is essentially an English one—native to the country in which he was born, and the circumstances around him. Shakspeare was what he was, by virtue of his surroundings, as well as his genius. He had the largest insight that poet ever possessed, but it so mastered him as to prevent his being an artist. He saw everything at once, and from all sides. "Shakspeare never sees things tranquilly. All the powers of his mind are concentrated in the present image or idea. He is buried and absorbed in it. With such a genius, we are on the brink of an abyss, the eddying water dashes in headlong, devouring whatever object it meets, bringing them to light again, if at all, transformed and mutilated. We pause stupefied before these convulsive metaphors, which might have been written by a fevered hand in a night's delirium, which gather a pageful of ideas